LOYAL RESPONSES

Havergal, Frances Ridley
Loyal responses

10.1.20

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PREFATORY NOTE.

—o—

A WORD of explanation. The little series of daily books, *My King*, *Royal Commandments*, *Royal Bounty*, and *The Royal Invitation*, appeared to need an answering and completing chord. And as these all aim, feebly enough, but earnestly, at calling attention to the Royal utterances of our King, it seemed that *Loyal Responses* should follow them.

May I be pardoned for asking my readers to accept all I have said in these little books in lieu of letters? For the endeavour to answer their most kindly meant and often very interesting communications is becoming a serious tax upon time and strength, and an increasing hindrance to doing other work.

Should any of my friends wish that nothing

previously seen in leaflet form had been included in this little book, they must pardon it for the sake of the known wishes of many others, who would be disappointed not to find here a few already familiar verses, such as the 'Consecration Hymn' and 'Trusting Jesus.'

As marginal references are not given in this as in the other books of the series, it might be a useful exercise for younger readers to supply them for themselves. For almost every line has been either directly drawn from Holy Scripture, or, 'may be proved thereby.'

May not only our lips but our lives be filled with Loyal Responses to all the words of our King!

F. R. H.

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FIRST DAY.

Consecration Hymn.

'Here we offer and present unto Thee, O Lord, ourselves, our souls and bodies, to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto Thee.'

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days;
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and 'beautiful' for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it *is* Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure-store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, *only*, ALL for Thee.

SECOND DAY.

Set Apart.

'Know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.'—Ps. iv. 3.

I.

SET apart for Jesus!
Is not this enough,
Though the desert prospect
Open wild and rough?
Set apart for His delight,
Chosen for His holy pleasure,
Sealed to be His special treasure!
Could we choose a nobler joy?—and would
we if we might?

II.

Set apart to serve Him,
Ministers of light,
Standing in His presence,
Ready day or night!

Chosen for the service blest,
He would have us always willing,
Like the angel host fulfilling
Swiftly and rejoicingly each recognised behest.

III.

Set apart to praise Him,
Set apart for this!
Have the blessed angels
Any truer bliss?
Soft the prelude, though so clear;
Isolated tones are trembling;
But the chosen choir assembling,
Soon shall sing together, while the universe shall hear.

IV.

Set apart to love Him,
And His love to know!
Not to waste affection
On a passing show.
Called to give Him life and heart,
Called to pour the hidden treasure,
That none other claims to measure,
Into His belovèd hand! thrice blessèd 'set apart!'

V.

Set apart for ever
For Himself alone!
Now we see our calling,
Gloriously shown.
Owning, with no secret dread,
This our holy separation,
Now the crown of consecration
Of the Lord our God shall rest upon our willing head! *

* Num. vi. 7.

THIRD DAY.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him.'—Ps. xxv. 14.

I.

JUST to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoe'er befall,
Bright and blessèd, calm and free.

II.

Just to let Him speak to thee
  Through His Word,
Watching, that His voice may be
  Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
  As it rises,
And at once to Him to bring
  All surprises.
Just to listen, and to stay
  Where you cannot miss His voice.
This is all! and thus to-day,
  Communing, you shall rejoice.

III.

Just to ask Him what to do
  All the day,
And to make you quick and true
  To obey.
Just to know the needed grace
  He bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place
  Overfloweth.
Just to take thy orders straight
  From the Master's own command.
Blessèd day! when thus we wait
  Always at our Sovereign's hand.

IV.

Just to recollect His love,
Always true;
Always shining from above,
Always new.
Just to recognise its light,
All-enfolding;
Just to claim its present might,
All-upholding.
Just to know it as thine own,
That no power can take away.
Is not this enough alone
For the gladness of the day?

V.

Just to trust, and yet to ask
Guidance still;
Take the training or the task,
As He will.
Just to take the loss or gain,
As He sends it;
Just to take the joy or pain,
As He lends it.
He who formed Thee for His praise
Will not miss the gracious aim;
So to-day and all thy days
Shall be moulded for the same.

VI.

Just to leave in His dear hand
  Little things,
All we cannot understand,
  All that stings.
Just to let Him take the care
  Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let Him bear
  Changed to blessing.
This is all! and yet the way
  Marked by Him who loves thee best:
Secret of a happy day,
  Secret of His promised rest.

FOURTH DAY.

The Unfailing One.

'He faileth not.'—ZEPH. iii. 5.

I.

HE who hath led, will lead
All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
He who hath blessed, will bless;
He who hath heard thy cry,
Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh,
Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

II.

He who hath made thee whole
Will heal thee day by day;

He who hath spoken to thy soul
  Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
  Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought
  Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

III.

He who hath made thee nigh
  Will draw thee nearer still;
He who hath given the first supply
  Will satisfy and fill.
He who hath given thee grace
  Yet more and more will send;
He who hath set thee in the race
  Will speed thee to the end.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

IV.

He who hath won thy heart
  Will keep it true and free;
He who hath shown thee what thou art
  Will show Himself to thee.

He who hath bid thee live,
  And made thy life His own,
Life more abundantly will give,
  And keep it His alone.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

V.

Then trust Him for to-day
  As thine unfailing Friend,
And let Him lead thee all the way,
  Who loveth to the end.
And let the morrow rest
  In His belovèd hand;
His good is better than our best,
  As we shall understand,—
If, trusting Him who faileth never,
We rest on Him, to-day, for ever!

FIFTH DAY.

On the Lord's Side.

'Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse.'—1 CHRON. xii. 18.

I.

WHO is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers,
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?
Response. By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.

II.

Not for weight of glory,
  Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
  Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for Love that claimeth
  Lives for whom He died;
He whom Jesus nameth
  Must be on His side.
Response. By Thy love constraining,
  By Thy grace divine,
  We are on the Lord's side;
  Saviour, we are Thine.

III.

Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
  Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
  For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
  Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
  Thou hast made us free.
Response. By Thy grand redemption,
  By Thy grace divine,
  We are on the Lord's side;
  Saviour, we are Thine.

IV.

Fierce may be the conflict,
  Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
  None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
  Victory is secure,
For His truth unchanging
  Makes the triumph sure.
Response. Joyfully enlisting
    By Thy grace divine,
  We are on the Lord's side;
    Saviour, we are Thine.

V.

Chosen to be soldiers
  In an alien land;
'Chosen, called, and faithful,
  For our Captain's band;
In the service royal
  Let us not grow cold;
Let us be right loyal,
  Noble, true, and bold.
Response. Master, Thou wilt keep us,
    By Thy grace divine,
  Always on the Lord's side,
    Saviour, always Thine!

Sixth Day.

True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

I.

TRUE - HEARTED, whole - hearted, faithful and loyal,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!
Under Thy standard, exalted and royal,
Strong in Thy strength, we will battle for Thee!

II.

True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance
Yielding henceforth to our glorious King;
Valiant endeavour and loving obedience
Freely and joyously now would we bring.

III.

True-hearted! Saviour, Thou knowest our story
Weak are the hearts that we lay at Thy feet,
Sinful and treacherous! yet, for Thy glory,
Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.

IV.

Whole-hearted! Saviour, belovèd and glorious,
Take Thy great power, and reign Thou alone,
Over our wills and affections victorious,
Freely surrendered, and wholly Thine own.

V.

Half-hearted, *false*-hearted! Heed we the warning!
Only the whole can be perfectly true;
Bring the whole offering, all timid thought scorning,
True-hearted only if whole-hearted too.

VI.

Half-hearted! Saviour, shall aught be withholden,
Giving Thee part, who hast given us all?
Blessings out-pouring, and promises golden
Pledging, with never reserve or recall.

VII.

Half-hearted! Master, shall any who know Thee
Grudge Thee their lives, who hast laid down Thine own?
Nay; we would offer the hearts that we owe Thee,—
Live for Thy love and Thy glory alone.

VIII.

Sisters, dear sisters, the call is resounding,
Will ye not echo the silver refrain,
Mighty and sweet, and in gladness abounding,—
'True-hearted, whole-hearted!' ringing again?

IX.

Jesus is with us, His rest is before us,
Brightly His standard is waving above.

Brothers, dear brothers, in gathering chorus,
Peal out the watchword of courage and love!

x.

Peal out the watchword, and silence it never,
Song of our spirits, rejoicing and free!
'True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for ever,
King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be!'

SEVENTH DAY.

'By Thy Cross and Passion.'

'He hath given us rest by His sorrow, and life by His death.'—JOHN BUNYAN.

I.

WHAT hast Thou done for me, mighty Friend,
Who lovest to the end!
Reveal Thyself, that I may now behold
Thy love unknown, untold,
Bearing the curse, and made a curse for me,
That blessed and made a blessing I might be.

II.

Oh, Thou wast crowned with thorns, that I might wear
A crown of glory fair;
'Exceeding sorrowful,' that I might be
Exceeding glad in Thee;

'Rejected and despised,' that I might stand
Accepted and complete on Thy right hand.

III.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
That I might 'sin no more;'
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee;
Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fulness of joy in everlasting flow.

IV.

Thine was the chastisement, with no release,
That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation,
Mine the acquittal and the full salvation.

V.

For Thee revilings, and a mocking throng,
For me the angel-song;
For Thee the frown, the hiding of God's face,
For me His smile of grace;
Sorrows of hell and bitterest death for Thee,
And heaven and everlasting life for me.

VI.

Thy cross and passion, and Thy precious death,
While I have mortal breath,
Shall be my spring of love and work and praise,
The life of all my days;
Till all this mystery of love supreme
Be solved in glory—glory's endless theme!

EIGHTH DAY.

The Opened Fountain.

'A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. . . . . Wounded in the house of My friends.'—ZECH. xiii. 1, 6.

I.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!—
Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me fast!
Oh, to recall the word! That cannot be!
Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed!

II.

Sorrow and bitter grief replace my bliss;
I could not wish that any joy should be;
There is no room for any thought but this,
That I have sinned—have sinned—have wounded Thee!

III.

How *could* I grieve Thee so! Thou couldst have kept;
My fall was not the failure of Thy word.
Thy promise hath no flaw, no dire 'except,'
To neutralize the grace so royally conferred.

IV.

Oh the exceeding sinfulness of sin!
Tenfold exceeding in the love-lit light
Of Thy sufficient grace, without, within,
Enough for every need, in never-conquered might!

V.

With all the shame, with all the keen distress,
Quick, 'waiting not,' I flee to Thee again;
Close to the wound, belovèd Lord, I press,
That Thine own precious blood may overflow the stain.

VI.

O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!
I ask not only pardon from my King,
But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee
Just as I came at first,—a sinful, helpless thing.

VII.

Oh, cleanse me now! My Lord, I cannot stay
For evening shadows and a silent hour:
Now I have sinned, and *now*, with no delay,
I claim Thy promise and its total power.

VIII.

O Saviour, bid me 'go and sin no more,'
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain; I implore
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know.

NINTH DAY.

The Precious Blood of Jesus.

I.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for me.

II.

Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

III.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;

Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

IV.

Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesu's precious blood can make them
White as snow.

V.

Now the holiest with boldness
We may enter in,
For the open fountain cleanseth
From all sin.

VI.

Precious blood! by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming
By its might.

VII.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for Thee!

VIII.

Precious blood, whose full atonement
Makes us nigh to God!
Precious blood, our song of glory,
Praise and laud!

TENTH DAY.

I Remember Thee.

'Thus saith the LORD, I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals.'—JER. ii. 2.

I.

MY Lord, dost Thou indeed remember me,
Just *me*, the least and last?
With all the names of Thy redeemed,
And all Thy angels, has it seemed
As though my name might perhaps be overpassed;
Yet here I find Thy word of tenderest grace,
True for this moment, perfect for my case,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

II.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me,
The kindness of *my* youth?

The tremulous gleams of early days,
The first faint thrills of love and praise,
Vibrating fitfully? Not much, in truth,
Can I bring back at memory's wondering call;
Yet Thou, my faithful Lord, rememberest all,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

III.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
My love, so poor, so cold?
Oh, if I had but loved Thee more!
Yet Thou hast pardoned. Let me pour
My life's best wine for Thee, my heart's best gold
(Worthless, yet all I have), for very shame
That Thou should'st tell me, calling me by name,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

IV.

My Lord, dost Thou remember this of me,
The day of Thine own power?
The love of *mine* espousals sweet,
The laying wholly at Thy feet
Of heart and life, in that glad, willing hour?

That love was Thine—I gave Thee but Thine
own,
And yet the Voice falls from the emerald
throne,—
'Thus saith Jehovah, I remember thee!'

V.

My Lord, dost Thou remember *this* of me?
Forgetting every fall,
Forgetting all the treacherous days,
Forgetting all the wandering ways,
With fulness of forgiveness covering all;
Casting these memories, a hideous store,
Into the crimson sea, for evermore,
And only saying, 'I remember thee!'

VI.

My Lord, art Thou indeed remembering me?
Then let me not forget!
Oh, be Thy kindness all the way,
Thy everlasting love to-day,
In sweet perpetual remembrance set
Before my view, to fill my marvelling gaze,
And stir my love, and lift my life to praise,
Because Thou sayest, 'I remember thee!'

Eleventh Day.

Knowing.

I.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

II.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
'The whole head sick, the whole heart faint;'
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case,
So tenderly, so truly deals;
Because I know that Jesus heals.

III.

I know the pang of forfeit breath,
When life in sin was life in death;
But now I know His life is mine,
And nothing shall that cord untwine,
Rejoicing in the life He gives,
Because I know that Jesus lives.

IV.

I know how anxious thought can press,
I know the weight of carefulness;
But now I know the sweet reward
Of casting all upon my Lord,
No longer bearing what He bears,
Because I know that Jesus cares.

V.

I know the sorrow that is known
To the tear-burdened heart alone;
But now I know its full relief
Through Him who was acquaint with grief,
And peace through every trial flows,
Because I know that Jesus knows.

VI.

I know the gloom amid the mirth,
The longing for the love of earth;

But now I know the Love that fills,
That gladdens, blesses, crowns, and stills,
That nothing mars and nothing moves,—
I know, I know that Jesus loves!

VII.

I know the shrinking and the fear,
When all seems wrong, and nothing clear;
But now I gaze upon His throne,
And faith sees all His foes o'erthrown,
And I can wait till He explains,
Because I know that Jesus reigns.

TWELFTH DAY.

Trusting Jesus.

I.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee;
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

II.

I am trusting Thee for pardon;
At Thy feet I bow,
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.

III.

I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.

IV.

I am trusting Thee to guide me;
Thou alone shalt lead!
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

V.

I am trusting Thee for power;
Thine can never fail!
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.

VI.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus:
Never let me fall!
I am trusting Thee for ever,
And for all.

THIRTEENTH DAY.

Looking unto Jesus.

I.

LOOKING unto Jesus!
Battle-shout of faith,
Shield o'er all the armour,
Free from scar or scathe.
Standard of salvation,
In our hearts unfurled,
Let its elevation
Overcome the world!

II.

Look away to Jesus!
Look away from all;
Then we need not stumble,
Then we shall not fall.
From each snare that lureth
Foe or phantom grim,
Safety this ensureth:
Look away to Him.

III.

Looking into Jesus!
  Wonderingly we trace
Heights of power and glory,
  Depths of love and grace,
Vistas far unfolding,
  Ever stretch before,
As we gaze, beholding
  Ever more and more.

IV.

Looking up to Jesus
  On the emerald throne!
Faith shall pierce the heavens
  Where our King is gone.
Lord, on Thee depending,
  Now, continually,
Heart and mind ascending,
  Let us dwell with Thee.

FOURTEENTH DAY.

Shining.

I.

ARE you *shining* for Jesus, dear one?
You have given your heart to Him;
But is the light strong within it,
Or is it but pale and dim?
Can *everybody* see it,—
That Jesus is all to you?
That your love to Him is burning
With radiance warm and true?
Is the seal upon your forehead,
So that it *must* be known
That you are 'all for Jesus,'—
That your heart is all His own?

II.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
You remember the first sweet ray,

When the sun arose upon you
  And brought the gladsome day;
When you heard the gospel message,
  And Jesus Himself drew near,
And helped you to trust Him simply,
  And took away your fear;
When the darkness and the shadows
  Fled like a weary night,
And you felt that you could praise
    Him,
And everything seemed bright.

III.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,
  So that the holy light
May enter the hearts of others,
  And make them glad and bright?
Have you spoken a word for Jesus,
  And told to some around,
Who do not care about Him,
  What a Saviour *you* have found?
Have you lifted the lamp for others,
  That has guided your own glad
    feet?
Have you echoed the loving message,
  That seemed to you so sweet?

IV.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
  Shining for Him all day,
Letting the light burn always
  Along the varied way?
Always,—when those beside you
  Are walking in the dark?
Always,—when no one is helping,
  Or heeding your tiny spark?
Not idly letting it flicker
  In every passing breeze
Of pleasure or temptation,
  Of trouble or of ease?

V.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one,—
  Shining just everywhere,
Not only in easy places,
  Not only just here or there?
Shining in happy gatherings,
  Where all are loved and known?
Shining where all are strangers?
  Shining when quite alone?
Shining at home, and making
  True sunshine all around?
Shining abroad, and faithful—
  Perhaps among faithless—found?

VI.

Are you shining for *Jesus*, dear one,
  Not for yourself at all?
Not because dear ones, watching,
  Would grieve if your lamp should fall?
Shining because you are walking
  In the Sun's unclouded rays,
And you cannot help reflecting
  The light on which you gaze?
Shining because it shineth
  So warm and bright above,
That you *must* let out the gladness,
  And you *must* show forth the love?

VII.

Are you shining for Jesus, dear one?
  Or is there a little sigh
That the lamp His love had lighted
  Does not burn clear and high?
Is the heavenly crown that waits you,
  Still, still without a star,
Because your light was hidden,
  And sent no rays afar?
Do you feel you have not loved Him
  With a love right brave and loyal,
But have faintly fought and followed
  His banner bright and royal?

VIII.

Oh, come again to Jesus!
  Come as you came at first,
And tell Him all that hinders,
  And tell Him all the worst;
And take His sweet forgiveness
  As you took it once before,
And hear His kind voice saying,
  'Peace! go, and sin no more!'
Then ask for grace and courage
  His name to glorify,
That never more His precious light
  Your dimness may deny.

IX.

Then rise, and, 'watching daily,'
  Ask Him your lamp to trim
With the fresh oil He giveth,
  That it may not burn dim.
Yes, rise and shine for Jesus!
  Be brave, and bright, and true
To the true and loving Saviour,
  Who gave Himself for you.
Oh, shine for Jesus, dear one,
  And henceforth be your way
Bright with the light that shineth
  Unto the perfect day!

Fifteenth Day.

Growing.

I.

UNTO him that hath, Thou givest
Ever 'more abundantly.'
Lord, I live because Thou livest,
Therefore give more life to me;
Therefore speed me in the race;
Therefore let me grow in grace.

II.

Deepen all Thy work, O Master,
Strengthen every downward root,
Only do Thou ripen faster,
More and more, Thy pleasant fruit.
Purge me, prune me, self abase,
Only let me grow in grace.

III.

Jesus, grace for grace outpouring,
Show me ever greater things;

Raise me higher, sunward soaring,
  Mounting as on eagle-wings.
By the brightness of Thy face,
  Jesus, let me grow in grace.

IV.

Let me grow by sun and shower,
  Every moment water me;
Make me really hour by hour
  More and more conformed to Thee,
That Thy loving eye may trace,
  Day by day, my growth in grace.

V.

Let me then be always growing,
  Never, never standing still;
Listening, learning, better knowing
  Thee and Thy most blessèd will.
Till I reach Thy holy place,
  Daily let me grow in grace.

SIXTEENTH DAY.

Resting.

'This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing.'—ISA. xxviii. 12.

I.

RESTING on the faithfulness of Christ our Lord;
Resting on the fulness of His own sure word;
Resting on His power, on His love untold;
Resting on His covenant secured of old.

II.

Resting 'neath His guiding hand for untracked days;
Resting 'neath His shadow from the noontide rays;
Resting at the eventide beneath His wing,
In the fair pavilion of our Saviour King.

III.

Resting in the fortress while the foe is nigh;
Resting in the lifeboat while the waves roll high;
Resting in His chariot for the swift glad race;
Resting, always resting in His boundless grace.

IV.

Resting in the pastures, and beneath the Rock;
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock;
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet;
Resting in His very arms!—O rest complete!

V.

Resting and believing, let us onward press,
Resting in Himself, the Lord our Righteousness;
Resting and rejoicing, let His saved ones sing,
Glory, glory, glory be to Christ our King!

SEVENTEENTH DAY.

Filling.

'Filled with all the fulness of God.'—EPH. iii. 19.

I.

HOLY Father, Thou hast spoken
Words beyond our grasp of thought,—
Words of grace and power unbroken,
With mysterious glory fraught.

II.

Promise and command combining,
Doubt to chase and faith to lift;
Self renouncing, all resigning,
We would claim this mighty gift.

III.

Take us, Lord, oh, take us truly,
Mind and soul and heart and will;
Empty us and cleanse us throughly,
Then with all Thy fulness fill.

IV.

Lord, we ask it, hardly knowing
  What this wondrous gift may be;
But fulfil to overflowing,—
  Thy great meaning let us see.

V.

Make us in Thy royal palace
  Vessels worthy for the King;
From Thy fulness fill our chalice,
  From Thy never-failing spring.

VI.

Father, by this blessèd filling,
  Dwell Thyself in us, we pray;
We are waiting, Thou art willing,
  Fill us with Thyself to-day!

EIGHTEENTH DAY.

Increase our Faith.

'Lord, increase our faith.'—LUKE xvii. 5.

I.

INCREASE our faith, belovèd Lord!
For Thou alone canst give
The faith that takes Thee at Thy word,
The faith by which we live.

II.

Increase our faith! So weak are we,
That we both may and must
Commit our very faith to Thee,
Entrust to Thee our trust.

III.

Increase our faith! for there is yet
Much land to be possessed;
And by no other strength we get
Our heritage of rest.

IV.

Increase our faith! On this broad shield
  '*All*' fiery darts be caught;
We must be victors in the field
  Where Thou for us hast fought.

V.

Increase our faith, that we may claim
  Each starry promise sure,
And *always* triumph in Thy name,
  And to the end endure.

VI.

Increase our faith, O Lord, we pray,
  That we may not depart
From Thy commands, but *all* obey
  With free and loyal heart.

VII.

Increase our faith—increase it still—
  From heavenward hour to hour,
And in us gloriously 'fulfil
  The work of faith with power.'

VIII.

Increase our faith, that never dim
  Or trembling it may be,

Crowned with the 'perfect peace' of him
'Whose mind is stayed on Thee.'

IX.

Increase our faith, for Thou hast prayed
That it should never fail;
Our stedfast anchorage is made
With Thee within the veil.

X.

Increase our faith, that unto Thee
More fruit may still abound;
That it may grow 'exceedingly,'
And to Thy praise be found.

XI.

Increase our faith, O Saviour dear,
By Thy sweet sovereign grace,
Till, changing faith for vision clear,
We see Thee face to face!

NINETEENTH DAY.

'Nobody knows but Jesus.'

I.

'NOBODY knows but Jesus!'
'Tis only the old refrain
Of a quaint, pathetic slave-song,
But it comes again and again.

II.

I only heard it quoted,
And I do not know the rest;
But the music of the message
Was wonderfully blessed.

III.

For it fell upon my spirit
Like sweetest twilight psalm,
When the breezy sunset waters
Die into starry calm.

IV.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
  Is it not better so,
That no one else but Jesus,
  My own dear Lord, should know?

V.

When the sorrow is a secret
  Between my Lord and me,
I learn the fuller measure
  Of His quick sympathy.

VI.

Whether it be so heavy,
  That dear ones could not bear
To know the bitter burden
  They could not come and share;

VII.

Whether it be so tiny,
  That others could not see
Why it should be a trouble,
  And seem so real to me;

VIII.

Either, and both, I lay them
  Down at my Master's feet,

And find them, alone with Jesus,
  Mysteriously sweet.

IX.

Sweet, for they bring me closer
  To the dearest, truest Friend;
Sweet, for He comes the nearer,
  As 'neath the cross I bend;

X.

Sweet, for they are the channels
  Through which His teachings flow;
Sweet, for by these dark secrets
  His heart of love I know.

XI.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
  It is music for to-day,
And through the darkest hours
  It will chime along the way.

XII.

'Nobody knows but Jesus!'
  My Lord, I bless Thee now
For the sacred gift of sorrow
  That no one knows but Thou.

Twentieth Day.

He is thy Life.

I.

JESUS, Thy life is mine!
Dwell evermore in me;
And let me see
That nothing can untwine
My life from Thine.

II.

Thy life in me be shown!
Lord, I would henceforth seek
To think and speak
Thy thoughts, Thy words alone,
No more my own.

III.

Thy love, Thy joy, Thy peace,
Continuously impart
Unto my heart;

Fresh springs, that never cease,
But still increase.

IV.

The blest reality
Of resurrection power,
Thy Church's dower,
Life more abundantly,
Lord, give to me!

V.

Thy fullest gift, O Lord,
Now at Thy feet I claim,
Through Thy dear name!
And touch the rapturous chord
Of praise forth poured.

VI.

Jesus, my life is Thine,
And evermore shall be
Hidden in Thee!
For nothing can untwine
Thy life from mine.

TWENTY-FIRST DAY.

Enough.

I.

I AM so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without Thee!
But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me!

II.

I am so needy, Lord, and yet I know,
All fulness dwells in Thee;
And hour by hour that never-failing treasure
Supplies and fills, in overflowing measure,
My least, my greatest need; and so
Thy grace is enough for me!

III.

It is so sweet to trust Thy word alone:
I do not ask to see
The unveiling of Thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining:
Thy promise-roll is all my own,—
Thy word is enough for me!

IV.

The human heart asks love; but now I know
That my heart hath from Thee
All real, and full, and marvellous affection,
So near, so human; yet divine perfection
Thrills gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me!

V.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!

TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

All.

I.

GOD'S reiterated 'ALL!'
O wondrous word of peace and power!
Touching with its tuneful fall
The rising of each hidden hour,
All the day.

II.

Only *all* His word believe,
All peace and joy your heart shall fill,
All things asked ye shall receive:
This is thy Father's word and will,
For to-day.

III.

'*All* I have is Thine,' saith He.
'*All* things are yours,' He saith again;

All the promises for thee
Are sealed with Jesus Christ's Amen,
For to-day.

IV.

He shall *all* your need supply,
And He will make *all* grace abound;
*Al*ways *all* sufficiency
In Him for *all* things shall be found,
For to-day.

V.

All His work He shall fulfil,
All the good pleasure of His will,
Keeping thee in *all* Thy ways,
And with thee always, '*all* the days,'
And to-day!

TWENTY-THIRD DAY.

Only.

I.

ONLY a mortal's powers,
Weak at their fullest strength;
Only a few swift-flashing hours,
Short at their fullest length.

II.

Only a page for the eye,
Only a word for the ear,
Only a smile, and by and by
Only a quiet tear.

III.

Only one heart to give,
Only one voice to use;
Only one little life to live,
And only one to lose.

IV.

Poor is my best, and small:
  How could I dare divide?
Surely my Lord shall have it all,
  He shall not be denied!

V.

All! for far more I owe
  Than all I have to bring;
All! for my Saviour loves me so!
  All! for I love my King!

VI.

All! for it is His own,
  He gave the tiny store;
All! for it must be His alone;
  All for I have no more.

VII.

All! for the last and least
  He stoopeth to uplift:
The altar of my great High Priest
  Shall sanctify my gift.

TWENTY-FOURTH DAY.

My Master.

'I love my master; . . . I will not go out free. And he shall serve him for ever.'—Ex. xxi. 5, 6.

I.

I LOVE, I love my Master,
I will not go out free,
For He is my Redeemer,
He paid the price for me.

II.

I would not leave His service,
It is so sweet and blest;
And in the weariest moments
He gives the truest rest.

III.

I would not halve my service,
His only must it be,—

His *only*, who so loved me
  And gave Himself for me.

IV.

My Master shed His life-blood
  My vassal life to win,
And save me from the bondage
  Of tyrant self and sin.

V.

He chose me for His service,
  And gave me power to choose
That blessed, 'perfect freedom'
  Which I shall never lose:

VI.

For He hath met my longing
  With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
  Himself, Himself alone.

VII.

'Shall serve Him' hour by hour,
  For He will show me how;
My Master is fulfilling
  His promise even now!

VIII.

'Shall serve Him,' and 'for ever;'
  O hope most sure, most fair!
The perfect love outpouring
  In perfect service there!

IX.

Rejoicing and adoring,
  Henceforth my song shall be:
I love, I love my Master,
  I will not go out free.

TWENTY-FIFTH DAY.

Perfect Peace.

I.

LIKE a river glorious
  Is God's perfect peace,
Over all victorious
  In its bright increase.
Perfect—yet it floweth
  Fuller every day;
Perfect—yet it groweth
  Deeper all the way.
Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
  Hearts are fully blest,
  Finding, as He promised,
  Perfect peace and rest.

II.

Hidden in the hollow
  Of His blessèd hand,
Never foe can follow,
  Never traitor stand.

Not a surge of worry,
  Not a shade of care,
Not a blast of hurry
  Touch the spirit there.
Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
    Hearts are fully blest,
  Finding, as He promised,
    Perfect peace and rest.

III.

Every joy or trial
  Falleth from above,
Traced upon our dial
  By the Sun of Love.
We may trust Him solely
  All for us to do;
They who trust Him wholly,
  Find Him wholly true.
Chorus. Stayed upon Jehovah,
    Hearts are fully blest,
  Finding, as He promised,
    Perfect peace and rest.

TWENTY-SIXTH DAY.

I am with thee.

I.

'I AM with thee!' He hath said it
In His truth and tender grace;
Sealed the promise, grandly spoken,
With how many a mighty token
Of His love and faithfulness.

II.

He is with thee!—In thy dwelling,
Shielding thee from fear of ill;
All thy burdens kindly bearing,
For thy dear ones gently caring,
Guarding, keeping, blessing still.

III.

He is with thee !—In thy service
  He is with thee 'certainly,'
Filling with the Spirit's power,
Giving in the needing hour
  His own messages by thee.

IV.

He is with thee !—With thy spirit,
  With thy lips, or with thy pen ;
In the quiet preparation,
In the heart-bowed congregation,
  Nevermore alone again !

V.

He is with thee !—With thee always,
  All the nights and all the days ;
Never failing, never frowning,
With His loving-kindness crowning,
    Tuning all thy life to praise.

VI.

He is with thee !—Thine own Master,
  Leading, loving to the end ;
Brightening joy and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet *more* to-morrow,
  King and Saviour, Lord and Friend.

VII.

He is with Thee!—Yes, for ever,
  Now, and through eternity;
Then with Him for ever dwelling,
Thou shalt share His joy excelling,
  Thou with Christ, and Christ with thee!

TWENTY-SEVENTH DAY.

Trust and Distrust.

I.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His grace;
It is enough for thee!
In every trial thou shalt trace
Its all-sufficiency.

II.

Distrust thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong:
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph-song.

III.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love;
Rest in its changeless glow:
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

IV.

Distrust thyself, but trust alone
  In Him, for all—for ever!
And joyously thy heart shall own
  That Jesus faileth never.

TWENTY-EIGHTH DAY.

Without Carefulness.

'I would have you without carefulness.'—1 COR. vii. 32.

I.

MASTER! how shall I bless Thy name
For Thy tender love to me,
For the sweet enablings of Thy grace,
So sovereign, yet so free,
That have taught me to obey Thy word
And cast my care on Thee!

II.

They tell of weary burdens borne
For discipline of life,
Of long anxieties and doubts,
Of struggle and of strife,
Of a path of dim perplexities
With fears and shadows rife.

III.

Oh, I have trod that weary path,
  With burdens not a few,
With shadowy faith that Thou would'st lead
  And help me safely through,
Trying to follow and obey,
  And bear my burdens too.

IV.

Master! dear Master, Thou didst speak,
  And yet I did not hear,
Or long ago I might have ceased
  From every care and fear,
And gone rejoicing on my way
  From brightening year to year.

V.

Just now and then some steeper slope
  Would seem so hard to climb,
That I *must* cast my load on Thee;
  And I left it for a time,
And wondered at the joy at heart,
  Like sweetest Christmas chime.

VI.

A step or two on winged feet,
  And then I turned to share

The burden Thou hadst taken up
  Of ever-pressing care;
So what I would not leave with Thee
  Of course I had to bear.

VII.

At last Thy precious precepts fell
  On opened heart and ear,
A varied and repeated strain
  I could not choose but hear,
Enlinking promise and command,
  Like harp and clarion clear:

VIII.

'No anxious thought upon thy brow
  The watching world should see;
No carefulness! O child of God,
  For *nothing* careful be!
But cast thou *all* thy care on Him
  Who always cares for thee.'

IX.

Did not Thy loving Spirit come
  In gentle, gracious shower,
To work Thy pleasure in my soul
  In that bright, blessèd hour,

And to the word of strong command
  Add faith and will and power?

X.

It was Thy word, it was Thy will—
  That was enough for me!
Henceforth no care shall dim my trust,
  For all is cast on Thee;
Henceforth my inmost heart shall praise
  The grace that set me free.

XI.

And now I find Thy promise true,
  Of perfect peace and rest;
I cannot sigh—I can but sing
  While leaning on Thy breast,
And leaving everything to Thee,
  Whose ways are always best.

XII.

I never thought it could be thus,—
  Month after month to know
The river of Thy peace without
  One ripple in its flow;
Without one quiver in the trust,
  One flicker in its glow.

XIII.

Oh, Thou hast done far more for me
  Than I had asked or thought!
I stand and marvel to behold
  What Thou, my Lord, hast wrought,
And wonder what glad lessons yet
  I shall be daily taught.

XIV.

How shall I praise Thee, Saviour dear,
  For this new life so sweet,
For taking all the care I laid
  At Thy belovèd feet,
Keeping Thy hand upon my heart
  To still each anxious beat!

XV.

I want to praise, with life renewed,
  As I never praised before;
With voice and pen, with song and speech,
  To praise Thee more and more,
And the gladness and the gratitude
  Rejoicingly outpour.

XVI.

I long to praise Thee more, and yet
  This is no care to me:

If Thou shalt fill my mouth with songs,
  Then I will sing to Thee;
And if my silence praise Thee best,
  Then silent I will be.

XVII.

Yet if it be Thy will, dear Lord,
  Oh, send me forth, to be
Thy messenger to careful hearts,
  To bid them taste and see
How good Thou art to those who cast
  All, all their care on Thee!

TWENTY-NINTH DAY.

Thy Reign.

'Righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'—ROM. xiv. 17.

I.

THY reign is righteousness;
Not mine, but Thine!—
A covering no less
Than the broad, bright waves of Thy great sea,
That roll triumphantly
From line to pole, and pole to line;
A reign where every rebel thought
In sweet captivity
To Thine obedience is brought.

II.

Thy reign is perfect peace;
Not mine, but Thine!—
A stream that cannot cease,

For its fountain is Thy heart. O depth
unknown!
Thou givest of Thine own,
Pouring from Thine and filling
mine.
The 'noise of war' hath passed
away;
God's peace is on the throne,
Ruling with undisputed sway.

III.

Thy reign is joy divine;
Not mine, but Thine,
Or else not any joy to me!
For a joy that flowed not from Thine
own,
Since Thou hast reigned alone,
Were vacancy or misery.
O sunshine of Thy realm, how bright
This radiance from Thy throne,
Unspeakable in calmest light!

IV.

Thy reign shall still increase!
I claim Thy word,—
Let righteousness and peace

And joy in the Holy Ghost be found,
    And more and more abound
  In me, through Thee, O Christ my Lord;
  Take unto Thee Thy power, who art
    My Sovereign, many-crowned!
  Stablish Thy kingdom in my heart.

THIRTIETH DAY.

Tried, Precious, Sure.

JESUS CHRIST
- 'The same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.'—HEB. xiii. 8.
- 'A stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation.'—ISA. xxviii. 16.

I.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages,
Jesus, Thou hast been the Same;
Through our own life's chequered pages,
Still the one dear changeless name.
Well may we in Thee confide,
Faithful Saviour, proved and 'TRIED!'

II.

Joyfully we stand and witness
Thou art still to-day The Same;
In Thy perfect, glorious fitness,
Meeting every need and claim.
Chiefest of ten thousand Thou!
Saviour, O most 'PRECIOUS,' now!

III.

Gazing down the far for ever,
  Brighter glows the one sweet Name,
Stedfast radiance, paling never,
  Jesus, Jesus! still the Same.
Evermore 'Thou shalt endure,'
Our own Saviour, strong and 'SURE!'

THIRTY-FIRST DAY.

Just when Thou wilt.

I.

JUST when Thou wilt, O Master, call!
Or at the noon, or evening fall,
Or in the dark, or in the light,—
Just when Thou wilt, it must be right.

II.

Just when Thou wilt, O Saviour, come,
Take me to dwell in Thy bright home!
Or when the snows have crowned my head,
Or ere it hath one silver thread.

III.

Just when Thou wilt, O Bridegroom, say,
'Rise up, my love, and come away!'
Open to me Thy golden gate,
Just when Thou wilt, or soon, or late.

IV.

Just when Thou wilt—Thy time is best—
Thou shalt appoint my hour of rest,
Marked by the Sun of perfect love,
Shining unchangeably above.

V.

Just when Thou wilt!—no choice for me!
Life is a gift to use for Thee;
Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
With Thee, my King, my Saviour, Christ!

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ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY IN 1839.

(FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. CRANE.)

ECHOES FROM THE WORD

FOR

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE LATE

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"Thy Word is truth."
"Songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

WITH PREFATORY NOTE

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

Editor of "The Day of Days."

NEW YORK:

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CHOSEN LESSONS.

"Him shall He teach in the way that He shall choose."—Ps. xxv. 12.

In the way that He shall choose
He will teach us;
Not a lesson we shall lose:
All shall reach us.

Strange and difficult indeed
We may find it,
But the blessing that we need
Is behind it.

All the lessons He shall send
Are the sweetest:
And His training, in the end,
Is completest.

F. R. H.

PREFATORY NOTE.

"ECHOES FROM THE WORD" were written and arranged by the gifted and lamented FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL as a monthly series of papers for *The Day of Days* during the year 1879. I had suggested the title to her; and although her hands were full of work for the Master, with the impulsive readiness of willinghood which so characterized her devoted life, she at once undertook to meet my wish. The title was evidently regarded by her as expressive of the one desire which so fully pervaded all her writings, namely to "echo" only Bible teaching; and this no doubt, influenced her to consent.

Some of the "ECHOES" are adapted portions of existing poems, but most of them were written during her visit to Blackheath, in the early part of last year, just before her return to Caswell Bay, where the message from the King so quickly reached her.

As Sunday morning thoughts during the coming New Year, it is hoped they will prove pleasant and profitable links of grateful memory and hallowed association with one who is now keeping the eternal Sabbath in the Sanctuary above—called to

"The ministry 'mid saint and seraph band,
And service of high praise in the Eternal Land."

C. B.

BLACKHEATH,
November, 1879.

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HITHERTO AND HENCEFORTH.

'The Lord hath blessed me hitherto."—JOSH. xvii. 14

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Guiding all the way;
Henceforth let us trust Him fully,
Trust Him all the day.

Hitherto the Lord hath loved us,
Caring for His own;
Henceforth let us love Him better,
Live for Him alone.

Hitherto the Lord hath blessed us,
Crowning all our days;
Henceforth let us live to bless Him,
Live to show His praise.

F. R. H. in "*Home Words.*"

ADVENT.

"HE COMETH."

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh : go ye out to mee Him."—St. Matt. xxv. 6.

O herald whisper, falling
Upon the passing night,
Mysteriously calling
The children of the Light!

Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,
Our own belovèd Lord!
This blessèd hope upsummeth
Our undeserved reward.

He cometh! Though the hour
Nor earth nor heaven may know:
Sure is the word of power,
"He cometh!" Even so!

F. R. H.

Advent Sunday.

"THOU ART COMING."

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus."—REV. xxii. 20.

THOU art coming, O my Saviour!
  Thou art coming, O my King!
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
  Well may we rejoice and sing!
Coming! In the opening east,
  Herald brightness slowly swells!
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
  Hear we not Thy golden bells?

Thou art coming! Rays of glory,
  Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river
With a golden, glowing quiver,
  Thrill of light and music blent.

Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on flower and rock and stream;
Life is brightened when this ray
Falls upon its darkest day.

Thou art coming! At Thy Table
  We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest
In communion clearest, sweetest,
  Earnest of our coming bliss;
Showing not Thy death alone,
  And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy throne—
  All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming! We are waiting,
  With a hope that can not fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy Word of power,
  Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
  But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
  Joyful patience can endure!

Second Sunday in Advent.

"THY WORD."

"The word of my lord the king shall now be comfortable" (margin, "for rest").—2 SAM. xiv. 17.

UPON Thy Word I rest,
So strong, so sure:
So full of comfort blest,
So sweet, so pure—
The Word that changeth not, that faileth never!
My King, I rest upon Thy Word forever!

Third Sunday in Advent.

"THE EVERLASTING FATHER."

"His Name shall be called the Everlasting Father."
—ISA. ix. 6.

O NAME of gentlest grace,
O Name of strength and might:
Meeting the heart-need of our orphaned race
With tenderest delight!
Our everlasting Father! This is He
Who came in deep humility a little Child to be!

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

"THY KING COMETH."

"Behold, thy King cometh unto thee."—ZECH. ix. 9

COMETH in lowliness,
Cometh in righteousness,
Cometh in mercy, all-royal and free!
Cometh with grace and might,
Cometh with love and light,
Cometh, belovèd—oh, cometh to thee!

CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Ps. lxviii. 18.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His royal Home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear Hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts!

F. R. H., in "*Home Words*," 1879.

Christmas-Day.

"UNTO US."

"Unto us a Child is born."—ISA. ix. 6.

UNTO you the Child is born
  On this blessèd Christmas morn;
Unto you, to be your Peace;
  Unto you, for He hath found you,
Unto you, with full release
  From the weary chains that bound you
Unto you, that you may rise
Unto Him above the skies!

First Sunday after Christmas.

"CHRIST WITH US."

"The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit."
—2 TIM. iv. 22.

FOR the weariest day
May Christ be thy Stay;
For the darkest night
May Christ be thy Light;

For the weakest hour
May Christ be thy Power;
For each moment's fall
May Christ be thy All.

Second Sunday after Christmas; or, The Circumcision.

THE WALK WITH GOD.

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."—GEN. v. 22.

So may'st thou walk! from hour to hour
Of every passing year,
Keeping so very near
To Him, whose power is love, whose love is power.
So may'st thou walk! in His clear light,
Leaning on Him alone,
Thy life His very own,
Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in white.

THE EPIPHANY.

"TELL IT OUT."

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King."—Ps. xcvi. 10.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King!
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out among the nations: bid them shout and sing:
Tell it out, tell it out!
Tell it out with adoration, that He shall increase;
That the mighty King of Glory is the King of Peace.
Tell it out with jubilation, though the waves may roar,
That He sitteth on the water-floods, our King for evermore!

F. R. H.

The Epiphany.

"THE SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.'

"Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."—MAL. iv. 2.

WHEN first the sun dispels the cloudy night,
The glad hills catch the radiance from afar,
And smile for joy! We say: "How fair they are!
Tree, rock, and heather-bloom, so clear and bright!"
But when the sun draws near in westering might,
Enfolding all in one transcendent blaze
Of sunset glow, we trace them not, but gaze
And wonder at the glorious, holy light.
Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness! that we
Whose swift short hours of day so swiftly run,

So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun.
That not our light, but Thine, the world may see—
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won.

First Sunday after Epiphany.

"MY SABBATHS."

"I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them."—EZEK. XX. 12.

THE token of His truth and care, the gift that He hath blessed;
The pledge of our inheritance, the earnest of His rest;
The diamond hours of holy light, the God-entrusted leisure!
Oh, for a heart to prize aright this rich and heavenly treasure!

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

STILLNESS.

"Be quiet; fear not."—ISA. vii. 4.

THOU layest Thy hand on the fluttering heart,
And sayest: "Be still!"
The silence and shadow are only a part
Of Thy sweet will;
Thy presence is with me, and where Thou art
I fear no ill.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

"SILENT TO THE LORD."

"Rest in the Lord ["Be silent to the Lord," margin], and wait patiently for Him."—Ps. xxxviii. 7.

REST, and be silent! For, faithfully listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.
Rest, and be silent! for Jesus is here,
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

CHILDREN OF THE DAY.

"Thine age shall be clearer than the noonday thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. —JOB. xi. 17.

FEAR not the westering shadows,
  Oh, children of the Day!
For brighter still and brighter
  Shall be your homeward way.
Resplendent as the morning,
  With fuller glow and power,
And clearer than the noonday,
  Shall be your sunset hour.

Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

THE UNFAILING ONE.

"He faileth not."—ZEPH. iii. 5.

HE who hath led, will lead
  All through the wilderness;
He who hath fed, will feed;
  He who hath blessed, will bless:

He who hath heard thy cry
  Will never close His ear;
He who hath marked thy faintest sigh
  Will not forget thy tear.
He loveth always, faileth never!
  So rest on Him, to-day, forever!

He who hath made thee whole
  Will heal thee day by day;
He who hath spoken to thy soul,
  Hath many things to say.
He who hath gently taught
  Yet more will make thee know;
He who so wondrously hath wrought,
  Yet greater things will show.
He loveth always, faileth never;
So rest on Him to-day, forever!

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

"I KNOW."

"I know Whom I have believed."—2 TIM. i. 12.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all without, within;

But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed me white as snow.
I praise Him for the crimson tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint;"
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case—
So tenderly, so truly deals:
Because I know that Jesus heals.

Septuagesima Sunday.

EVERLASTING LOVE.

"And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. iii. 19.

O LOVE surpassing thought,
So bright, so grand, so clear, so true, so glorious!
Love infinite, love tender, love unsought,

Love changeless, love rejoicing, love victorious!
And this great love for us in boundless store;
Christ's everlasting love! What would'st thou more?

Sexagesima Sunday.

THE MYSTERY OF GRACE.

"The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy."—Ps. cxlvii. 11.

O MYSTERY of grace
That chooseth us to stand before Thy face,
To be Thy "special treasure,"
Thy portion, Thy delight, Thine own;
That taketh pleasure
In them that fear Thy Name, that hope alone
In Thy sweet mercy's boundless measure!

Quinquagesima Sunday.

STRONG IN HIM.

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."—EPH. vi. 10.

DISTRUST thyself, but trust His strength;
In Him thou shalt be strong!
His weakest ones may learn at length
A daily triumph song.

Distrust thyself, but trust His love,
Rest in its changeless glow:
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.

LENT.

FORGIVEN—EVEN UNTIL NOW.

"Thou hast forgiven—even until now!"
We bless Thee, Lord, for this,
And take Thy great forgiveness as we bow
In depth of sorrowing bliss;
While over all the long, regretful past
This veil of wondrous grace Thy sovereign hand
doth cast.

"Forgiven until now!" For Jesus died
To take our sins away!
His blood was shed, and still the infinite tide
Flows full and deep to-day.
He paid the debt; we own it, and go free!
The cancelled bond is cast in love's unfathomed
sea.

F. R. H. in "*Home Words.*"

First Sunday in Lent.

"COME YE APART."

"And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart, into a desert place, and rest awhile."—ST. MARK vi. 31.

OH, for "a desert place" with only the Master's smile!
Oh, for the "coming apart" with only His "rest awhile!"
Many are "coming and going" with busy and restless feet,
And the soul is hungering now, with "no leisure so much as to eat."

Well: I will wait in the crowd till He shall call me apart,
Till the silence fall which shall waken the music of mind and heart;
Patiently wait till He give the work of my secret choice,
Blending the song of life with the thrill of the Master's voice.

Second Sunday in Lent.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Forgetting those things which are behind, . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

LEAVE behind thy faithless sorrow,
And thine every anxious care;
He who only knows the morrow
Can for thee its burden bear.

Leave behind the doubting spirit,
And thy heavy load of sin!
By thy mighty Saviour's merit
Life eternal thou shalt win.

Third Sunday in Lent.

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

"What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye also in light."—ST. MATT. x. 27.

FLOATING through the sombre stillness
Came the loved and loving voice,
Speaking peace and solemn gladness,
That His children might rejoice.

What He tells thee in the darkness,
Songs He giveth in the night—
Rise and speak it in the morning,
Rise and sing them in the light!

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

THE FOUNTAIN OPENED.

"A fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness. . . . . Wounded in the house of My friends."—ZECH. xiii. 1, 6.

AND I have wounded Thee—oh, wounded Thee!
Wounded the dear, dear Hand that holds me fast;
Oh, to recall the word! That can not be!
Oh, to unthink the thought that out of reach hath passed!

O *precious* blood! Lord, let it rest on me!
I ask not only pardon from my King,

But cleansing from my Priest. I come to Thee,
Just as I came at first—a sinful, helpless thing.

O Saviour, bid me "go and sin no more,"
And keep me always 'neath the mighty flow
Of Thy perpetual fountain; I implore,
That Thy perpetual cleansing I may fully know!

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

GOD'S REST.

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—ST. MATT. xi. 28.

OH, rest, so true, so sweet!
(Would it were shared by all the weary world!)
Neath shadowing banner of His love unfurled;

We bend to kiss the Master's piercèd feet;
Then lean our love upon His boundless breast,
And know God's Rest.

The Sunday next before Easter.

THE CORNER-STONE.

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief Corner-stone, elect, precious."—1 St. Pet. ii. 6.

MARVELOUS and very precious is the Corner-stone Elect:
Though rejected by the builders, chosen by the Architect.
All-supporting, all-uniting, and all-crowning, tried and sure;
True Foundation, yet true Headstone of His Temple bright and pure.

Good-Friday.

OUR SUBSTITUTE.

"If our transgressions and our sins be upon us, and we pine away in them, how should we then live?" —EZEK. xxxiii. 10.

"The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." —ISA. liii. 6.

ON Thee, the LORD
My mighty sins hath laid;
And against Thee Jehovah's sword
Flashed forth its fiery blade.
The stroke of justice fell on Thee,
That it might never fall on me.

EASTER.

AN EASTER PRAYER.

"That I may know Him, and the power of His Resurrection."—PHIL. iii. 10.

Oh, let me know
The power of Thy Resurrection;
Oh, let me show
Thy Risen life in calm and clear reflection;
Oh, let me soar
Where Thou, my Saviour Christ, art gone before,
In mind and heart
Let me dwell always, only, where Thou art.

Oh, let me give
Out of the gifts Thou freely givest;
Oh, let me live
With life abundantly because Thou livest;
Oh, make me shine
In darkest places, for Thy light is mine;
Oh, let me sing
For very joy because Thou art my King.

F. R. H.

Easter-Day.

"ARISE, SHINE!"

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory o the Lord is risen upon thee."—ISA. lx. 1.

ARISE, for He is risen to-day!
And shine, for He is glorified!
Put on thy beautiful array,
And keep perpetual Easter-tide.

First Sunday after Easter.

EASTER HALLELUJAHS.

"I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins: return unto Me; for I have redeemed thee. Sing, O ye heavens; for the Lord hath done it: shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified Himself in Israel."—ISA. xliv. 22, 23.

OH, mountain height, break forth and sing
In color music fair and sweet!

Oh, forest depths, awake and bring
Your delicate odors to His feet!
Sing, for the Lord hath done it!
Proclaim redemption, for He won it!
Let Easter hallelujahs rise from every living thing!

Second Sunday after Easter.

RESURRECTION LIFE.

"If we have been planted together in the likeness of His death, we shall be also in the likeness of His resurrection."—ROM. vi. 5.

IN the likeness of His death
We were planted;
Therefore, by His Spirit's breath,
Resurrection life is granted:
Resurrection beauty glowing,
Resurrection power outflowing,
Resurrection gladness cheering,
Resurrection glory nearing.

Third Sunday after Easter.

WONDROUS GRACE.

"Ye shall eat in plenty, and be satisfied, and praise
.e Name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt
ondrously with you: and My people shall never be
shamed."—JOEL ii. 26.

WONDROUSLY

The Lord hath dealt with thee!
Wondrous mercy all the way,
Wondrous patience every day,
Wondrous pardon, wondrous feeding,
Wondrous help and wondrous leading

Wondrously

T : Lord shall deal with thee!
Vondrous tenderness and grace,
Vondrous shining of His face,
Wondrous faithfulness and power,
Wondrous love from hour to hour.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

"HE KNOWS."

"I know their sorrows."—EXOD. iii. 7.

HE knows!
Yes, Jesus knows just what you can not tell.
He understands so well!
The silence of the heart is heard,
He does not need a single word.
He thinks of you,
He watcheth and He careth too:
He pitieth, He loveth! All this flows
In one sweet word: "He knows!"

Rogation Sunday.

THE OPENED TREASURE.

"The Lord shall open unto thee His good treasure."
—DEUT. xxviii. 12.

HIS love is the key, and His glory the measure
Of grace all-abounding and riches unpriced;
To thee shall be opened this infinite treasure—
To thee, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

ASCENSION

AND

WHITSUNTIDE.

"SHOWERS OF BLESSING."

"I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing."—EZEK. xxxiv. 26.

Fair the blossoms opening early:
For the dew
Fell upon them cool and pearly,
Brightening every hue.
Like a little thirsty flower,
Lift your face;
Seek the gentle, holy shower
Of the Spirit's grace.

Ascension-Day.

"OUR FORERUNNER."

Within the veil, whither our Forerunner has for us entered."—HEB. vi. 20.

GOLDEN harps are sounding,
  Angel voices ring,
Pearly gates are opened—
  Opened for the King;
Christ, the King of glory,
  Jesus, King of love,
Is gone up in triumph
  To His throne above.

Praying for His children
  In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
  Sending them His grace;

His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too!

Sunday after Ascension.

LIGHT AND TRUTH.

"O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me."—Ps. xliii. 3.

THY light and truth forth sending
From Thy own radiant side,
Be Thou our Guard and Guide.
On Thee alone depending,
No darkness can affright;
Thy shield of Truth and Light
Clear-flashing through the night,
Is all defending.

Whit-Sunday.

ASKING.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—ST. LUKE xi. 13.

O HEAVENLY Father, Thou hast told
Of a Gift more precious than pearls and gold;
A Gift that is free to every one,
Through Jesus Christ, Thy only Son:
For His sake, give it to me.

Oh, give it to me, for Jesus said,
That a father giveth his children bread,
And how much more Thou wilt surely give
The Gift by which the dead shall live!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

If Thou hast said it, I must believe
It is only "ask" and I shall receive;
If Thou hast said it, it must be true,
And there's nothing else for me to do!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

So I come and ask, because my need
Is very great and real indeed.
On the strength of Thy Word I come and say,
Oh, let Thy Word come true to-day!
For Christ's sake, give it to me.

"*Wayside Chimes*": in "*Home Words.*"

TRINITY.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."—1 St. John iv. 16.

Knowing that the God on high,
With a tender Father's grace,
Waits to hear your faintest cry,
Waits to show a Father's Face—
Stay and think! oh, should not you
Love this gracious Father too?

Knowing Christ was crucified,
Knowing that He loves you now
Just as much as when He died
With the thorns upon His brow—
Stay and think! oh, should not you
Love this blessed Saviour too?

Knowing that a Spirit strives
With your weary, wandering heart,
Who would change the restless lives,
Pure and perfect peace impart—
Stay and think! oh, should not you
Love this loving Spirit too?

F. R. H.

Trinity Sunday.

"HEIRS OF GOD."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."—ROM. viii. 16, 17.

HEIR thou art by His good pleasure,
All thy title Spirit-sealed!
View thy grand and royal treasure,
Every gift in Love's full measure,
Riches of His grace, so great,
Glory's far-exceeding weight;
All in Christ forever thine,
Light and Life and Love Divine!

First Sunday after Trinity.

"FROM THIS DAY."

"From this day will I bless you."—HAG. ii. 14.

FROM this day
He shall bless thee.

What shall then distress thee?
From this day
He will never leave thee.
What shall grieve thee?
Christ, thy mighty Friend,
Loveth to the end
From this day.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

FEAR NOT.

"If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things."—MATT. vi. 30, 32.

EVERY little flower that grows,
Every little grassy blade,
Every little dew-drop shows
Jesus cares for all He made.
Jesus loves, and Jesus knows;
So you need not be afraid.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

"PRECIOUS FAITH."

"To them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."—2 PET. i. 1.

PRECIOUS faith our God hath given; rich
in faith is rich indeed!
Fire-tried gold from His own treasury, fully
meeting every need:
Channel of His grace abounding; bringing
peace and joy and light;
Purifying, overcoming; linking weakness
with His might.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

"THROUGH THE WATERS."

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."—ISA. xliii. 2.

WHEN thou passest through the waters
I will be with thee!
Sure and sweet and all-sufficient
Shall His presence be.

All God's billows overwhelmed Him
In the great Atoning day:
Now He only leads thee through them—
With thee all the way.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

THE SOWER AND THE HARVEST.

"Let him that heareth say, Come."—REV. xxii. 17
"Precious seed."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

THE seed of a single word
Fell among the furrows deep,
In their silent, wintry sleep,
And the sower never an echo heard.
But the "Come!" was not in vain:
For that germ of life and love
'Neath the blessèd Spirit's quickening rain
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
For the Harvest Home above.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

THE BELIEVER'S REST.

"For we which have believed do enter into rest."
—HEB. iv. 3.

THE weary quest
Is over now, for He who loves us calleth
'Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.'
That still Voice falleth
On hearts that, listening, are blest.
And daily shall that blessing flow,
And daily shall the gladness grow,
For we which have believed do enter into rest.

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

"PRECIOUS" IN DEATH.

'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

PRECIOUS, precious to Jehovah is His children's holy sleep;
He is with them in the passing through the waters cold and deep:

Everlasting love enfolds them softly, sweetly
to His breast,
Everlasting love receives them to His glory
and His rest.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

"GREAT THINGS."

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Ps. cxxvi. 3.
"Be glad and rejoice, for the Lord will do great things."—JOEL ii. 21.

THE Lord *hath* done great things for thee!
All through the fleeted days,
Jehovah hath dealt wondrously;
Lift up thy heart and praise!
For greater things thine eyes shall see,
Child of His loving choice!
The Lord *will* do great things for thee;
Fear not; be glad; rejoice!

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

"THY HAND."

"Thy hand presseth me sore."—Ps. xxxviii. 2.
"In the shadow of His hand hath He hid me."—Isa. xlix. 2.

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE SEALED SPIRIT.

"Set me as a seal upon Thine heart."—Cant. viii. 6.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee:
I would be wholly Thine:
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
And Thou art wholly mine.
Oh, take me, seal me, on Thine heart,
Whence life nor death shall ever part.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

"SONS OF ZION."

"The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold."
—LAM. iv. 2.

SONS of Zion, ye are precious in your heavenly Father's sight:
Ye are His peculiar treasure: ye His jewels of delight;
Sought and chosen, cleansed and polished, purchased with transcendent cost:
Kept in His own Royal casket, never, never to be lost.

Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

ALLEGIANCE.

"Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 COR. x. 3.

LET every thought
Be captive brought,
Lord Jesus Christ, to Thine own sweet obedience:
That I may know
In ebbless flow
The perfect peace of full and pure allegiance

Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

ONLY FOR JESUS.

"Keep this forever in the imagination of the thoughts of the heart of Thy people, and prepare their heart unto Thee."—1 CHRON. xxix. 18.

ONLY for Jesus! Lord, keep it forever,
Sealed on the heart, and engraved on the life:
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavor,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife.

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE CHANGELESS WRITING.

"The writing which is written in the King's name, and sealed with the King's ring, may no man reverse." —ESTH. viii. 8.

FOR He hath given us a changeless writing,
Royal decrees that light and gladness bring;
Signed with His Name in glorious inditing,
Sealed on our hearts with His own signet ring.

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE REFINER.

"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."—1 PET. i. 7.

PRECIOUS, more than gold that wasteth, is
the trial of your faith:
Fires of anguish or temptation can not dim
it, can not scathe!
Your Refiner sitteth watching till His image
shineth clear,
For His glory, praise, and honor, when the
Saviour shall appear.

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THY WILL BE DONE.

"Understanding *what* the will of the Lord is."
—EPH. v. 17.

WITH quivering heart and trembling will
The word hath passed thy lips,
Within the shadow, cold and still,
Of some fair joy's eclipse—

"Thy will be done!" Thy God hath heard,
And He will crown that faith-framed word.

Thy prayer shall be fulfilled—but how?
His thoughts are not as thine;
While thou wouldst only weep and bow,
He saith: "Arise and shine!"
Thy thoughts were all of grief and night,
But His of boundless joy and light.

Thy Father reigns supreme above;
The glory of His Name
Is Grace and Wisdom, Truth and Love—
His will must be the same.
And thou hast asked all joys in one,
In whispering forth: "Thy will be done."

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

ALL OUR NEED.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—PHIL. iv. 19.

WHO shall tell our untold need,
Deeply felt though scarcely known?
Who the hungering soul can feed,
Guard, and guide, but God alone?

Ask not *how*, but trust Him still;
Ask not *when*, but wait His will;
Simply on His word rely,
God "*shall*" all your need supply.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"They came into the land of Gennesaret. And when the men of that place had knowledge of Him, they sent out into all that country round about, and brought unto Him all that were diseased; and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment; and as many as touched were made perfectly whole."—ST. MATT. xiv. 34–36.

O TENDER One, O Mighty One, who never
sent away
The sinner or the sufferer, Thou art the
Same to-day!
The Same in Love, the Same in Power, and
Thou art waiting still,
To heal the multitudes that come—yea,
"whosoever will!"

Oh, make us fervent in the quest, that we
may bring them in,
The weary and the wounded, and the suf-
ferers from sin ;
The stricken and the dying, let us seek
them out for Thee,
And lay them at Thy glorious feet, that
healèd they may be.

Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

PEACE TO THE "FAR OFF."

"Peace, peace, to him that is far off."—ISA. lvii. 19.

PEACE, peace !
Through Him who for all hath died !
Wider the terms than thy deepest guilt,
Or in vain were the blood of our Surety
spilt :
Even because thou art far away,
To thee is the message of peace to-day ;
Peace through the Crucified.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

PEACE TO THE "NEAR."

"And to him that is near."—ISA. lvii. 19.

PEACE, peace!
Look for its bright increase;
Deepening, widening, year by year,
Like a sunlit river, strong, calm, and clear;
Lean on His love through this earthly vale,
For His word and His work shall never fail,
And "He is our Peace."

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

"EVEN SO, FATHER."

"Even so, Father: for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."—ST. MATT. xi. 26.

AND if it seemeth good to Thee, my Father
Shall it seem aught but good to me?
Thy will be done! Thou knowest I would rather
Leave all with Thee!

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

THE SPIRIT'S UNCTION.

"Take thou also unto thee principal spices, of pure myrrh five hundred shekels, and of sweet cinnamon half so much, even two hundred and fifty shekels, and of sweet calamus two hundred and fifty shekels, and of cassia five hundred shekels, after the shekel of the sanctuary, and of oil olive an hin: and thou shalt make it an oil of holy ointment, an ointment compound after the art of the apothecary: it shall be an holy anointing oil."—EXOD. xxx. 23–25.

PRECIOUS ointment, very costly, of chief odors pure and sweet,
Holy gift for Royal priesthood, thus for temple-service meet;
Such the Spirit's precious unction, oil of gladness freely shed;
Sanctifying and abiding on the consecrated head.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

CLEAVING.

"Cleave unto Him: for He is thy life."
—DEUT. xxx. 20.

CHRIST hath called thee, Christ hath blessed;
Everlasting life in thine;

Closely cleaving, thou shalt rest
In His glorious love Divine.
Let Him teach thee what He will,
In thee day by day fulfill
All His sweet and blessed will.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

LIFE FOR JESUS.

"The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if One died for all, then were all dead: and that He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again."—2 COR. v. 14, 15.

HE is come to claim His throne,
And to make thy life His own.
Voices of this passing earth,
Echoes of its praise or mirth,
Reach not where the heart hath heard
Golden music of His Word.
"All for Jesus" henceforth be!
Live for Him who died for thee!

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

HALLELUJAH!

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. v. 12.

"WORTHY of all adoration
  Is the Lamb that once was slain,"
Cry, in raptured exultation,
His redeemed from every nation;
  Angel myriads join the strain,
Sounding from their sinless strings,
Glory to the King of kings;
Harping with their harps of gold,
Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling
  Rise around His throne of might.
All our highest laud excelling,
Holy and Immortal, dwelling
  In the unapproachèd light;
He is worthy to receive
All that heaven and earth can give,
Blessing, honor, glory, might,
All are His by glorious right.

As the sound of many waters
  Let the full Amen arise!
HALLELUJAH! Ceasing never
Sounding through the great FOREVER,
  Linking all its harmonies;
Through eternities of bliss,
Lord, our rapture shall be this,
And our endless life shall be
One AMEN of praise to Thee!

"*Life Mosaic.*"

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